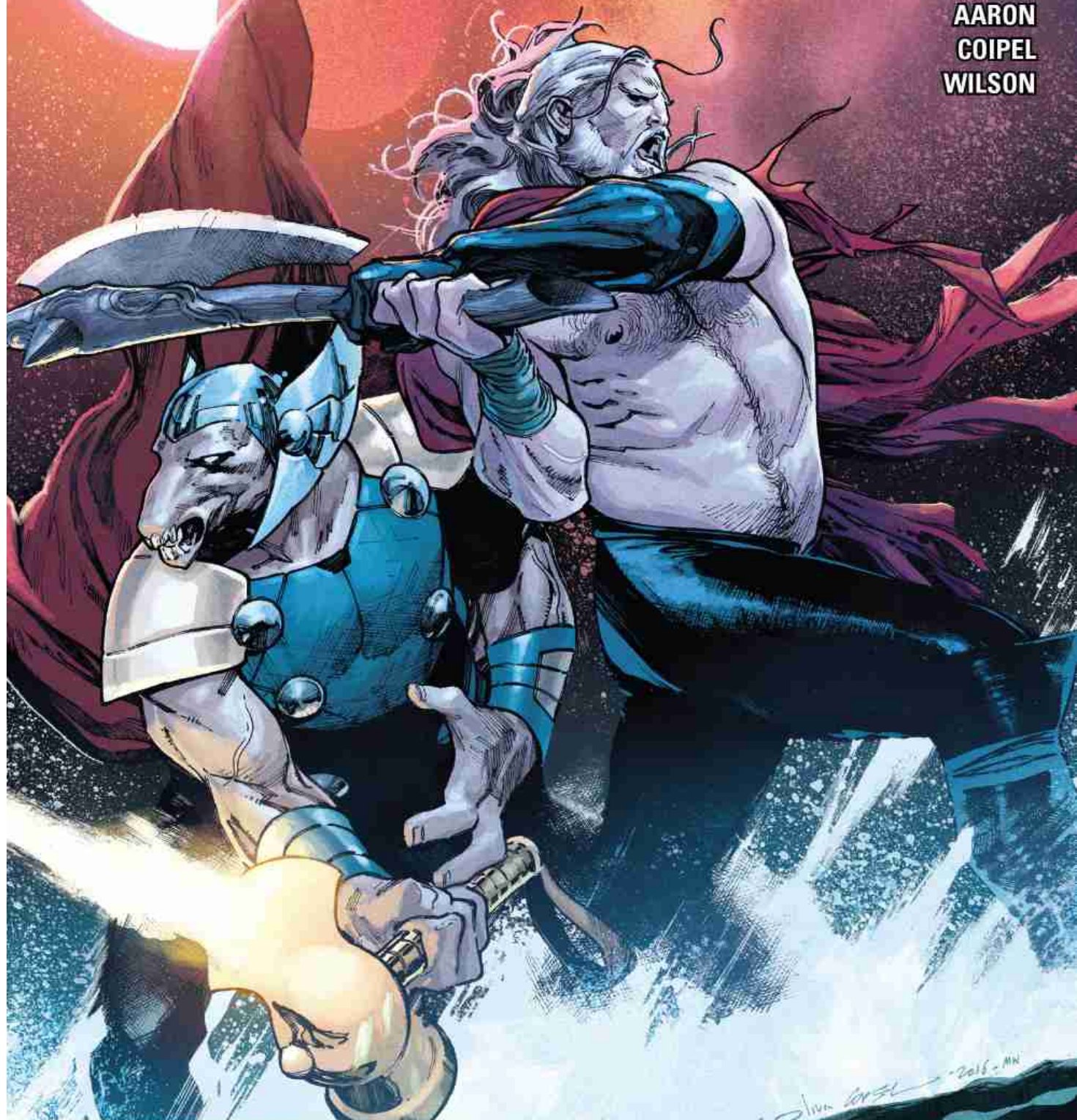


MARVEL

002

**AARON
COIPEL
WILSON**



the unworthy
THOR

ON THE DAY THOR ODINSON LEARNED A LONG-KEPT SECRET STOLEN FROM THE WATCHER, HE DROPPED THE MYSTIC HAMMER MJOLNIR TO THE SURFACE OF THE MOON. TRY AS HE MIGHT, THOR COULD NOT LIFT HIS ONCE-FAITHFUL WEAPON. UNABLE TO POSSESS THE POWER OF HIS BIRTHRIGHT, THE THUNDER GOD RELINQUISHED THE NAME OF THOR AND NOW SIMPLY CALLS HIMSELF ODINSON. NOW HE SEARCHES FOR REDEMPTION, BUT UNTIL HE FINDS IT, HE WILL REMAIN...

The unworthy THOR



RECENTLY, AFTER AN EGO-BRUIING BATTLE ON THE MOON WITH ULIK, KING OF THE TROLLS, ODINSON CROSSED PATHS WITH A BEING KNOWN AS THE UNSEEN, WHO SEEMED TO HAVE INTIMATE KNOWLEDGE OF ODINSON'S FALL FROM GLORY.

WHEN THE UNSEEN SPOKE OF ANOTHER HAMMER HIDDEN ON OLD ASGARD, ODINSON RACED TOWARD THE RUINS OF HIS FORMER HOME, BUT ARRIVED TO FIND OLD ASGARD SOMEHOW MISSING. AS HE WEIGHED THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF AN ENTIRE REALM, REDEMPTION PRESENTED ITSELF IN THE FORM OF AN OLD FRIEND, BETA RAY BILL...

THE THIEF OF ASGARD

WRITER: JASON AARON ARTIST: OLIVIER COIPEL COLOR ARTIST: MATTHEW WILSON LETTERER & PRODUCTION: VC'S JOE SABINO

COVER ARTISTS:
OLIVIER COIPEL & MATTHEW WILSON

VARIANT COVER ARTISTS:
KRIS ANKA; JIM CHEUNG & LAURA MARTIN; MIKE DEODATO & FRANK MARTIN

ASST. EDITOR: CHARLES BEACHAM EDITOR: WIL MOSS EXEC. EDITOR: TOM BREVOORT EDITOR IN CHIEF: AXEL ALONSO CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER: JOE QUESADA PUBLISHER: DAN BUCKLEY EXEC. PRODUCER: ALAN FINE



THOR CREATED BY STAN LEE, LARRY LIEBER & JACK KIRBY

THIS IS NOT THE FIRST
TIME I HAVE BEEN
USURPED AS THE
WIELDER OF MJOLNIR.

BILL, I...
I KNOW NOT
WHAT TO
SAY.

YEARS AGO, THERE WAS
ANOTHER. A STRANGER
FROM BEYOND THE STARS
CALLED BETA RAY BILL.

SAY YOU'LL
TAKE MY HAMMER.
PLEASE, THOR. IT
WOULD BE MY
HONOR.

AT FIRST, WE WERE THE FIERCEST
OF FOES. BUT SINCE THEN, WE
HAVE GROWN TO BE BROTHERS.
BROTHERS IN THUNDER.

RISE, MY
FRIEND.

BUT
THOR, I BEG
YOU...

I AM NOT THOR.
NOT ANYMORE.
AND STORMBREAKER
BELONGS WITH YOU.

NOW HIS FRIENDSHIP
IS CLEARLY YET
ANOTHER THING...

...OF WHICH I AM
NO LONGER
WORTHY.

YOU ARE A
NOBLE SOUL,
BETA RAY BILL.
AND A TRUE
FRIEND.

BUT
THIS CANNOT
BE REAL. THE
RUMORS, THEY
SAY...



THEY SAY I
AM LESS THAN
I WAS BEFORE.
DISGRACED. UNWORTHY.
THE RUMORS ARE
TRUE, MY FRIEND.

THE THOR
YOU ONCE KNEW
IS NO MORE. ONLY
THE ODINSON
REMAINS.



BUT HOW...
HOW COULD
THIS...

LET US
SPEAK ON THAT
LATER. FOR NOW,
TELL ME,
BILL...

...WHAT HAS
BEFALLEN OLD
ASGARD?



YOU SAID IT
WAS STOLEN.
STOLEN BY
WHOM?

BY ONE OF THE
FEW BEINGS IN THE
COSMOS WITH THE
POWER TO STEAL AN
ENTIRE REALM. IT
WAS TAKEN BY--







HRRH!

RRRRGGHH!

I MAY NOT
BE A NATIVE SON
OF THE REALM
ETERNAL, BUT THE
POWER IN MY
HAMMER COMES
FROM ODIN
HIMSELF.

SO BETA RAY
BILL FIGHTS FOR
ASGARD! ON THIS
DAY AND ALL THE
TOMORROWS!

THE SHIPS
ARE PILOTED BY
DROIDS, ODINSON.
SO DO NOT
HOLD BA--

GNASHER!
OVER HERE,
BOY!

THOR HELD
BACK, THE
ODINSON DOES
NOT.
WHERE HAVE
THEY TAKEN
ASGARD?

THERE.

THAT'S THE
TRANSPORT
SHIP. BIG ENOUGH
TO HOLD A SMALL
SOLAR SYSTEM.

BUT WHY
WOULD THEY
RETURN TO...

OH, NO.
YAAA,
TOOTHGNASHER!
YAAA!
ODINSON!
WAIT!

"THEY COME.
MASTER, HOW
SHOULD WE..."

MASTER?

THIS BOMB...IS
NINE MILLION YEARS
OLD. IT WAS BUILT BY A
PEOPLE WHO NO LONGER
EXIST. ON A WORLD
LONG SINCE TURNED
TO ASH.

IT IS ALL THAT
REMAINS OF THEIR
CULTURE. THE ONLY
SIGN THEY EVER
EXISTED.

THIS...HAS
ALWAYS BEEN...
ONE OF MY RAREST
AND MOST PRIZED
POSSESSIONS.

MASTER...THE
ATTACKERS...

BOOP

OPEN
THE BAY
DOORS...



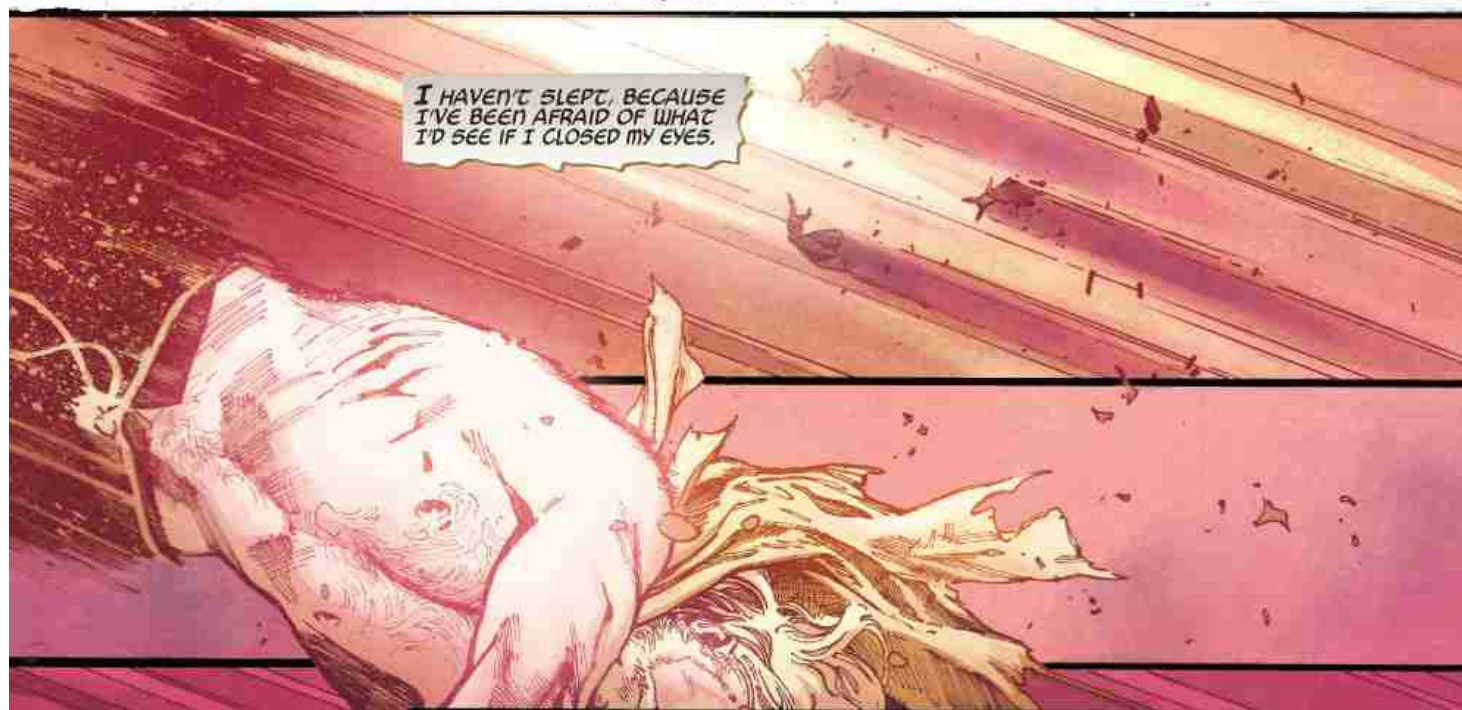
...AND LET'S
SEE IF I GOT
MY MONEY'S
WORTH.



I HAVEN'T SLEPT
SINCE I BECAME
UNWORTHY.



WHICH WAS NINE MONTHS,
THREE WEEKS, FOUR DAYS,
AND SEVEN HOURS AGO.



I HAVEN'T SLEPT, BECAUSE
I'VE BEEN AFRAID OF WHAT
I'D SEE IF I CLOSED MY EYES.



I WAS RIGHT
TO BE AFRAID.







HHRRRGH!

YOU WERE DREAMING.



I CAN TELL. I SPEND A LOT OF TIME WATCHING THE THINGS I OWN WHILE THEY'RE SLEEPING.

WHERE...



...WHERE AM I?



I EVEN DREAM SOMETIMES MYSELF. NOT AS MUCH AS I USED TO, OF COURSE.



BUT WHAT DO YOU EXPECT, AFTER THREE BILLION YEARS?



NO...

STILL, I IMAGINE OUR DREAMS AREN'T SO DIFFERENT, YOU AND I.



WE BOTH COVET WHAT WE DON'T HAVE. THE MAIN DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US, OF COURSE...

...IS THAT I HAVE ALMOST EVERYTHING ANYONE COULD POSSIBLY WANT, INCLUDING YOU.

WHILE YOU HAVE NOTHING, ODINSON. NOT EVEN YOUR OWN NAME.

THE COLLECTOR.

CANELEER TIVAN, AN ELDER OF THE UNIVERSE. A BEING AS OLD AS THE MOST ANCIENT OF GODS.

TO HIM WE ARE ALL PLAYTHINGS TO BE CATALOGUED AND POSSESSED.



YOU'VE TRIED TO PUT ME IN ONE OF YOUR CAGES BEFORE, COLLECTOR. IT WON'T WORK ANY BETTER THIS--



I'M NOT PUTTING YOU IN A CAGE, ASGARDIAN.

HGGGK!



I'M TAKING YOU HOME.

OLD ASGARD. REALM OF THE GODS.





SURTUR'S
BONES...IT'S
TRUE.

THERE IS
ANOTHER.



I FELT IT FALL.
SO POWERFUL, IT
REFUSED TO DIE. EVEN AS
A UNIVERSE CRUMBLING
AROUND IT.

IT TORE
THROUGH THE
WALLS OF REALITY
LIKE THEY WERE
MADE OF
TISSUE.

THE MJOLNIR
OF ANOTHER
WORLD. ANOTHER
THOR.

I'VE ALWAYS
WANTED MY
OWN MAGIC
HAMMER.

AND
YET.



AND YET
THERE IS THAT
TROUBLESOME "IF"
EMBLAZONED ON
THE SIDE, ISN'T
THERE?

YOU
THERE. PICK
IT UP.

YES,
MASTER.





IT DOESN'T SEEM TO MATTER IF THEY'RE ROBOTS OR FLESH AND BLOOD. NONE OF MY MINIONS CAN SO MUCH AS TOUCH IT WITHOUT...

WELL, YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF.



WE TRIED MAGIC. I HAVE SPELLBOOKS OLDER THAN YOUR FATHER'S WHISKERS.

WE TRIED TECHNOLOGY. MY CRANES ARE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO YANK MOONS OUT OF ORBIT.

I EVEN TRIED PICKING IT UP MYSELF. THE PAIN WAS...

IF I WERE A LESSER BEING, I WOULDN'T BE STANDING HERE NOW.



POINT IS, I COULDN'T TAKE THE HAMMER. SO I TOOK THE GROUND IT SAT ON.

BUT I DON'T CARE ABOUT THIS WASTED RUIN OF A REALM.



TELL ME THE SECRET. TELL ME HOW TO PICK IT UP.

HEH. YOU'RE ASKING THE WRONG THOR.

I'M ASKING THE ONLY THOR I'VE GOT. BUT I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE DIFFICULT ABOUT THIS.

BRING HIM OUT.



THIS IS THE ONLY SURVIVING SON OF THE PLANET DAUTERIUS. THE VERY LAST OF HIS KIND.

TELL ME HOW TO LIFT THE HAMMER, ODINSON.

OR WATCH HIM DIE.



YOU FOOL! I CANNOT HELP YOU! YOU MUST BE WORTHY TO LIFT THE HAMMER!

I OWN MORE OF CREATION THAN YOU AND ALL YOUR GOD FRIENDS PUT TOGETHER. NOTHING HAS EVER EXISTED OF WHICH I AM UNWORTHY TO POSSESS.

THERE MUST BE A TRICK TO IT. SOME WAY AROUND THE ENCHANTMENT.

COUNT DOWN FROM FIVE, THEN SHOOT THE BOY.



FIVE.

NO! LET HIM GO, YOU BASTARD!

HE CAN GO BACK TO HIS CAGE ONCE I'M HOLDING THAT HAMMER.

COUNT FASTER.



FOUR.

I CAN'T EVEN LIFT MY OWN MJOLNIR! I CAN'T MAKE MYSELF WORTHY. LET ALONE YOU!

I WILL KILL YOU FOR THIS, COLLECTOR!

TWO.

I WILL TEAR YOU INTO A THOUSAND PIECES AND FEED YOU TO MY GOAT, YOU--

ONE.

I'VE NEVER SEEN THAT HAMMER BEFORE! HOW AM I--

THREE.

RRRRGGGHHH!!!

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THIS TRULY WAS
THE HAMMER
OF THOR.

ANOTHER THOR. THE
SON OF ANOTHER
ASGARD.

YET HE FOUGHT
WITH THE SAME
FURY.

HE DIED WITH A HAMMER
IN HIS HAND AND THE
ROAR OF BATTLE ON
HIS LIPS.



AND THE VERY
SAME THUNDER
IN HIS VEINS.

THIS IS THE
HAMMER OF
THOR.

AND I...

...I AM...



EARTH.

NEW YORK CITY.

THE TRISKELION.
HEADQUARTERS OF THE
ULTIMATES.

"I COME SEEKING
AN ALLIANCE."

I NEED
YOUR HELP.

INTERESTING.

SINCE I AM
THE ONE WHO
WOULD APPEAR TO
BE IN NEED OF
ASSISTANCE.

I KNOW
YOUR POWER.
I KNOW THIS
CELL WON'T
HOLD YOU FOR
LONG.

SO YOU
HAVEN'T COME
TO OFFER ME MY
FREEDOM?

I WOULD IF
I COULD, BUT
I FIND MYSELF
WEAKENED FROM...
RECENT EVENTS.
IT TOOK ALL MY
POWER JUST
TO SEE YOU.

SO YOU
CANNOT HELP
ME. YOU CANNOT
EVEN HELP YOURSELF.
WHAT EXACTLY DO
YOU HAVE TO
OFFER ME?

WHAT
DO YOU
WISH?

A TRIBUTE.

AND
WHAT SORT
OF TRIBUTE
DOES THANOS
DESIRE?

I BELIEVE
I KNOW JUST
THE THING...



 TO BE CONTINUED.

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